

PS 1059

B22 P3

1876



# PADDLE YOUR OWN CANOE.

A FARCE.

## CHARACTERS.

DR. RUBBER DAM, a Dentist.

ORPHEUS BEETHOVEN JOYFUL, a Musician.

CHRISTOPHER CRÆSUS, a Nabob.

BOB RIDLEY (better known as DR. RIDLEY), a Colored Boy.

BUSKIN SOCKS, an Amateur Tragedian.

LARRY LANIGAN, an Irish Porter.

TIN WAIL, a Chinese Laundry-Man.

MRS. MOREY, Dr. Dam's Landlady.

KATE CRÆSUS, Christopher's Daughter.

MILLY MOREY, Mrs. Morey's Daughter.

## COSTUMES.

DR. DAM. Dark suit, with velvet breakfast-jacket.

JOYFUL. Foppish dress. Light wig; light moustache.

CRÆSUS. Dark coat, white vest, light pants, white hat. Gray wig.

BOB. Jacket and trousers; curly wig; black face.

SOCKS. Dark clothes; rolling collar; coat buttoned at waist; black gloves. Black wig; short side-whiskers; goatce.

LARRY. Rough suit. Red cropped wig.

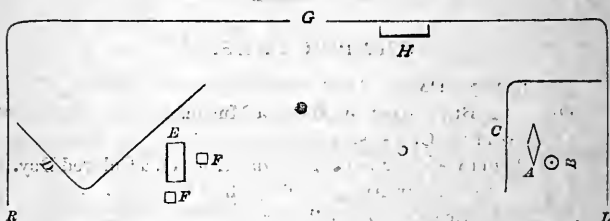
TIN WAIL. Chinaman's suit, with pigtail.

MRS. MOREY. Dark dress-cap, and spectacles.

KATE. Handsome walking-dress.

MILLY. Neat morning-dress.

SCENE. — DR. DAM'S *Operating-room.* Dental chair, with spittoon, L., near footlights. Folding screen at back and side, R. of it. Opposite side, R., screen turned the other way. Door C. L. of door, against wall, cabinet of instruments. Small table, with chair, R. of C.



A Dental Chair. C Screen. E Table. G Centre Door.  
B Spittoon. D Screen. FF Chairs. H Cabinet.

*Dr. Dam* (seated at table, with memorandum-book and pencil in hand). Pshaw! one might as well stare at a blank wall as study this engagement-book. I must be patient, for there's no patient for me to-day. How can I fill my mouth with no mouths to fill? How pull through, with no teeth to pull? Give it up. I'm called pretty good on conundrums, but here's a stump. Mrs. Morey, my landlady, wants money: so do I; and we are both likely to wait, in the present healthy state of human grinders in this locality. Hang it! why was I not born a millionaire, instead of being obliged to live from hand to mouth? Ah, then I should be able to boldly face the divinity whom I meet every morning in my "constitutional" about the Park. Ah, she is a beauty! she trips along so daintily, and smiles so sweet-

ly when I lift my hat. Who is she? There is an air of refinement, the speaking air of prosperity in her attire, —

“Grace in her step, and heaven in her eye.”

Come, come, Rubber, this won't do. Rub her out of your day-dreams. There is not an aching tooth in her head to fill — the aching void in your heart too near those tempting lips. (*Knock at door.*) Come in.

(*Enter MRS. MOREY, C.*)

*Mrs. Morey.* Dr. Dam, I want my little bill.

*Dr.* Haven't seen him, Mrs. Morey. If you want some one to run an errand, I'll lend you Dr. Ridley — only he's not in yet.

*Mrs. Morey.* It's not my precious William that I seek, doctor, and you know it. It's the little bill for rent that's troubling me.

*Dr.* Don't let it, Mrs. Morey. Be a man; bear misfortune bravely; laugh at dull care, and whistle merrily.

*Mrs. Morey.* Which means, whistle for my money. O, doctor, doctor, when I let you these elegant apartments for six dollars a week, fire and lights included, I didn't think you would cheat a lone widow of her ducs.

*Dr.* Don't, Mrs. Morey. You touch my heart; my pocket, too. The first is full of compassion, the last of — nothing. I mean well; but, hang it, the business don't draw. Say no more; you shall have your money. (*Takes out watch.*) This is worth something; I'll go and pawn it at once.

*Mrs. Morey.* No, indeed, you shall not. I will wait a few days.

*Dr. (aside).* That's a precious watch. It always brings her to time. (*Aloud*). Yes, but I insist on paying you at once.

*Mrs. Morey.* No; no; it was your father's watch.

*Dr.* It shall become my uncle's; we'll thus keep it in the family.

*Mrs. Morey.* No, no. I want the money to pay Milly's music-master; he can wait. Poor child, how pale and sad she grows.

*Dr.* Music doesn't agree with her.

*Milly (singing outside).* "I'd offer thee this hand of mine, if I could love thee less."

*Mrs. M.* She's always singing that, poor child! Over the kitchen range, in the sink among the dishes, that sad, sweet song mingles with her domestic duties.

*Dr.* Yes; her voice has a wide range; it rolls and swells with the rattle of her dishes, — a soprano, I should judge.

*Mrs. M.* Ah, I shall never rear her; she's destined for an early grave. Love, doctor, love is devastating her youthful hopes.

*Dr.* O, it's not so bad as that. Who is the object of her affections?

*Mrs. M.* 'Tis he who has cultivated her voice to seraphic song.

*Dr.* O, the music-master?

*Mrs. M.* Yes, the music-master. He comes: she sighs and sings. He goes: she weeps, yet sings as sweetly as a dying swan. O, doctor, never mind the

bill; come in and see Milly; perhaps your presence may cheer her; perhaps divert her attention from this tuncful charmer with the falsetto voice.

*Dr.* No, Mrs. Morey, I couldn't charm away the falsetto voice. If she was in love with a false set of teeth, I might be able to console her.

*Mrs. M.* O, doctor, doctor, this is no jesting matter! But don't trouble yourself about the bill; don't pawn your watch. I know you are poor, but I think you are an honest man. (*CRÆSUS opens door.*) If you cannot pay the rent, I can wait. (*Runs against CRÆSUS, who enters.*) Good gracious! [*Exit c.*

*Cræsus.* Take care; take care, woman! (*Comes down.*) Confound her! she's nearly knocked the breath out of my body! So, sir, you can't pay your rent?

*Dr.* Sir! What's that to you?

*Cræsus.* Hallo! Hallo, young man! Do you know who I am?

*Dr.* No; and, what's more, I don't care.

*Cræsus.* I'm Christopher Cræsus! Ha! you start!

*Dr.* Not a peg.

*Cræsus.* Rich, sir; enormously wealthy; millionaire, and all that sort of thing — but not proud; no, no — not proud. Made it myself. Came to town a boy, barefooted; stick with a small bundle — very small bundle — over my shoulder. Poor but honest parents — and all that sort of thing.

*Dr.* That sort of thing's played out. I came the same way, — minus the bundle.

*Cræsus.* It wasn't long before I had my carriage!

*Dr.* A hand-cart?

*Cræsus.* Right; it was. I peddled fish, devised a way to preserve them, made money, speculated, and here I am independent, sir, — independent! and all because I paddled my own canoe!

*Dr.* Well, what of it?

*Cræsus.* What of it? It enables me to extend a helping hand to the unfortunate. You can't pay your rent. (*Takes out wallet.*) I'll pay it for you. Come, how much is it?

*Dr.* More than you can pay; because, like you, I purpose to paddle my own canoe.

*Cræsus.* That's right. I like your spunk. Now to business. You're a dentist; pull teeth, and all that sort of thing?

*Dr.* Exactly; that is my business. Take a seat there, and let me look into your mouth.

*Cræsus.* No, I thank you. No cold iron for me. My daughter, sir, Miss Kate Cræsus, wants a tooth extracted. She'll be here in half an hour.

*Dr.* Delighted to meet her.

*Cræsus.* No doubt of it; but mind, no nonsense, young man. If she happens to have a pretty mouth, — and she has, — don't make too long a job of it, and don't fall in love with her. I won't have it — and I'm Christopher Cræsus, I am. Do your duty like a man, and remember, no nonsense. [*Exit c.*]

*Dr.* Well, the old gentleman seems anxious about his daughter. Rich, is he? He's worth knowing; but I do hope the daughter is a little more agreeable.

*Joyful (outside, sings).* "O, where art thou now, my beloved?" (*Enters.*) O, here you are, Rubber, the man



I've been looking for. Rubber, give me joy; fortune is about to smile upon me. I have seen the future mistress of my home — the wife of my bosom. (*Sings.*)

"She wore a wreath of roses,

The day when first we met."

*Dr.* Hold on, Joyful. Who is the lady with the wreath of roses?

*Joyful.* The fairest of the fair. Now, who do you think? You cannot guess. It's the daughter of Christopher Cræsus.

*Dr.* Cræsus? Why, he's just been here!

*Joyful.* I know it; I sent him. Miss Kate is my pupil; a charming girl, Rubber. Last night she spent a sleepless night with the toothache; this morning, visiting her for the purpose of giving her a lesson in music, and finding her still suffering, I suggested a visit to you. Old gentleman started off at once, and she's to follow.

*Dr.* In half an hour? Joyful, I'm much obliged to you for speaking a good word for me.

*Joyful.* Are you? I'm glad of that; one good turn deserves another; and you can do me a great favor. Listen. One can't bend over a bewitching girl while her taper fingers are fingering the keys of a piano without feeling a tender interest in her — at least I can't. Rubber, I have come to love that girl to distraction.

*Dr.* And she returns your love?

*Joyful.* Well, I think so. She's sighed a great deal of late; it may have been the toothache, but I think she has a tender regard for me.

*Dr.* Why, her father's a nabob!

*Joyful.* All the better, Rubber.

*Dr.* Yes; but rich men don't throw away their daughters.

*Joyful.* Throw away! Rubber, you forget who I am. Orpheus Beethoven Joyful, Professor of Music!

*Dr.* Yes, I know, — and a good fellow; but music and money are generally found on different scales. Well, what can I do for you?

*Joyful.* You can find out for me if she loves me.

*Dr.* You'd better find that out yourself.

*Joyful.* No, there's too much at stake. Suppose I should confess my passion — be rejected. I lose my situation as music-master: don't you see?

*Dr.* I see that, but don't see how I can help you.

*Joyful.* The easiest thing in the world. You extract teeth. How?

*Dr.* With forceps.

*Joyful.* Yes; but you sometimes employ a subtle agent to tranquillize the victim. Gas. Under its influence, the victim has been known to confess secrets; don't you see? You induce Miss Kate to inhale it; she speaks, and you tell me what she says. If she loves me she'll be sure to speak, and I shall know my fate without the fear of making a mistake.

*Dr.* A very ingenious plot, Joyful.

*Joyful.* And you'll make use of it?

*Dr.* Yes; it can do no harm. But I must be off. Where can that boy of mine be? I've not had my breakfast, and only half an hour before Miss Kate makes her appearance!

*Joyful.* Well, run and get it. I'll keep shop until you return.

*Dr.* All right. (*Goes behind screen R.; changes coat.*)

*Joyful.* I shall know my fate. I am sure she loves me. (*Enter Dr. from screen.*) Make yourself easy, Rubber; I'm in no hurry.

*Dr.* I'll not be gone long, and the boy will soon relieve you. [*Exit c.*]

*Joyful.* Don't hurry yourself. What an easy life Rubber has here, pulling teeth. Why, a boy could do that. (*Goes to case and opens drawers.*) Here's his forceps. I'd like to try my hand. (*BOB RIDLEY sticks his head in at door c.*)

*Bob.* Say, Misser O. B. Joyful, whar—whar de boss?

*Joyful.* Hallo, Dr. Ridley! you're late this morn'ing.

*Bob.* Dat's a fac, Massa O. B. (*Comes down.*) 'Spec de doctor jes pull his har wid wexation.

*Joyful.* He'll be more likely to pull yours, if he can get a hold on it.

*Bob (rubbing his head).* Yah, yah, yah! Guess not; dar ain't no chance for a grab dar. It ain't de hand-some kind. Yah, yah! Say, Massa O. B., whar—whar your fiddle?

*Joyful.* At home, Doctor; broke a string at the concert last night.

*Bob.* Indeed did you? I wus to de consart las night; dat's de reason I'se late dis yer mornin'.

*Joyful.* Ah! What concert, Doctor?

*Bob.* Thomases in de back yard! Yah, yah, yah!

Jes kep me awake de whole night long wid der music!

*Joyful.* Threw their whole soul into it, hey?

*Bob.* Yas indeed, till I frowed my ole boots; den dar war a pair of soles into it — not whole ones nudder.

*Joyful.* I suppose you understand the business of dentistry pretty well — don't you, Doctor?

*Bob.* Yas indeed; all de fundaments ov it.

*Joyful.* Ah! And what are the fundaments, Doctor?

*Bob.* Sweepin' de floors, and makin' de fires.

*Joyful.* Ever drawn any?

*Bob.* How? Yas, yas; drawn my wages ebry Saturday night.

*Joyful.* I mean, pulled anything?

*Bob.* Pull off de doctor's boots.

*Joyful.* Where does he keep his gas?

*Bob.* In de observatory dar.

*Joyful.* O, the laboratory, you mean. Do you know how to prepare it?

*Bob.* Guess I does! Does you want a dose? (*Knock at the door.*) Hallo, dar's a patient! Whar's de doc'?

*Joyful.* Gone to breakfast.

*Bob.* Den I'll jist send de patient off.

*Joyful.* No, no; let the patient in; perhaps I can accommodate him.

*Bob.* You? By golly! Well, I'll show him in. (*Opens door.*)

*(Enter SOCKS, tragically, holding his face.)*

*Socks.* "I do remember an apothecary, and somewhere about here he did dwell."

*Bob.* Yas, yas; right down stairs, fust door to de left.

*Socks.* "Ye secret, dark, and midnight hags, what is't ye do?" *(Hand to face.)* O!

*Bob.* How — wh-wh-who's 'a hæg? Dis am 'a incidental destitute. Pull all de teeth out ob yer head widout pain.

*Socks.* "I have an aching tooth." O!

*Joyful.* Take a seat, sir, and we'll soon haul it out.

*Socks.* Thank you. Be very careful, sir, and take the right one. My teeth are precious pearls on which the footlights gleam. In Macbeth — you've seen my Macbeth?

*Joyful.* Never met him, sir. Is he in the medical profession?

*Socks.* Pshaw! I'm an amateur actor, sir; a tragedian. Macbeth is my masterpiece. I play it with my teeth thus: *(Shows teeth set.)*

*(Lays on, Macduff, And damned be he who first cries hold! enough!)*

*Joyful.* That is called tearing a passion to tatters, I suppose.

*Socks.* You see, if you should accidentally remove one of those shining lights, you rob me of my props "whereby I live." O! Be very careful, sir. *(Sits in dental chair.)*

*Joyful (looking in mouth).* I see it. Can you endure the pain?

*Socks.* "I can do all that may become a man; who can do more is none." O!

*Bob (aside).* Yas, you wait till de iron gits a good hold; den won't he holler? Yah, yah!

*Joyful.* We have an innocent preparation for deadening pain; hadn't you better try it?

*Socks.* "Throw physic to the dogs. I'll none of it."

*Joyful.* Very well, sir. (*Goes to case, and takes instrument.*) (*Aside.*) Now for my first experiment. (*Comes down with forceps.*)

*Socks.* Hold on; I'll try the painkiller.

*Joyful.* All right. Bob, bring the gas.

*Bob.* Yas indeed. (*Aside.*) We'll see de fun now, sure you born! (*Goes behind screen.*)

*Socks.* You are a regular practitioner, sir?

*Joyful.* Certainly. (*Aside.*) On the violin.

*Socks.* "I want no quack! Out on you impostors!

Quack salving, cheating mountebanks; your skill

Is to make sound men sick — and sick men kill."

(*Enter BOB from screen, with bag of gas.*)

*Bob (aside).* Yas; well, I guess you'll be a pretty sick man afore your troubles are ober.

*Joyful (takes bag).* Now, sir, if you will inhale this quietly, you will sink into a deep and blissful sleep. (*Gives bag to Socks.*)

*Socks.* "Give me the cup; I'll drain it ere I die."

*Bob.* Will you, honey? Well, I'll jes see de fun.

(Goes behind screen R., and standing on a chair, peeps over top. SOCKS inhales gas from bag.)

*Joyful.* He takes to it beautifully. I wish Rubber could witness this little operation, so easily performed by an amateur; he'd not brag quite so much of his profession. Hallo, hallo!

*Socks* (starts up, and excitedly throws down bag, breathing heavily, eyes rolling, teeth set). Ha, ha, ha! (Steps off to C. of stage. JOYFUL runs behind screen L., creeps round and gets up into chair, looking over screen as SOCKS continues spouting tragically).

I'm free! I'm free! Base tyrants, tremble!

This rock shall fly from its firm base as soon as I.

Here I devote your senate. I, Macbeth,

Spit on your graves. Up, Freemen, up!

There's a light in the window for thee.

Here I stand and scoff you!

Go show your slaves how choleric you are, and make  
your bondmen tremble!

Blow, wind! Come, wrack!

At least we'll die with harness on our back.

Hang out your banners! Ring the battle-cry!

Vengeance and Liberty! (Throws down chair.)

Root, hog, or die! [Exit C., stamping.] (BOB and JOYFUL look across at each other over screen)

*Joyful.* Bob, he's gone without the operation!

*Bob.* Yas indeed. He didn't gas wuff a cent!  
(Comes from behind screen.)

*Joyful* (gets out of chair). Well, he's out, if his tooth isn't. Ah! I should have extracted that molar beautifully, and shown Rubber how little knowledge is required in dentistry.

*Bob.* (*picks up rubber bag*). Das a faë. (*Knock at door*.) Dar's anudder.

*Joyful.* Show him in; perhaps I shall have better luck this time. (*Bob opens door*.)

(*Enter LARRY.*)

*Larry.* (*with a handkerchief tied over his face*). Och, murther! It's kilt I am intirely wid the stoothache! Is this a dedical doothor's, I dunno?

*Joyful.* This is a dentist's office.

*Larry.* A dintist? What's that? Shure I wants a tooth-puller.

*Joyful.* That is our business. What's the trouble?

*Larry.* Throuble, is it? Begorra, the throuble was last night at Biddy Flynn's wake, and all along of Pat Maloney! Shure we were all jolly, whin Pat Maloney let fly a petaty, which same struck me full in the mouth, — the miserable spalpeen! Begorra, it was a inshult to the mournful occasion; an' — an' — my blood was up. So I just shtripped off me coat, and wid me fist I laid Mither Maloney sinseless on his back, crying murther! It was an illegant shpread he made! but he was soon up and kim at me! Thin — we all became sociable! We put in the licks, and put out the lights; the girls shcramed and the min fought, till poor Biddy Flynn, the corpse — who said niver a word — was completely buried under a pile of broken chairs and crockery!

*Bob.* Golly! regular jamboree!

*Joyful.* Well, how did it conclude?

*Larry.* Conclude, is it? Begorra, I dunno. But it



was an illegant fight, and my jaws ache wid the rattling I got; an' one av my teeth is broken off intirely; an' I'd thank you to be afther ridding me av the remainder, for it's not a wink av slape I've had the night wid the aches in it.

*Joyful.* Take a seat, and let me look at it.

*Larry.* To be shure I will. (*Sits in chair.*) Maybe yez might shtick it together wid a little plastle.

*Joyful* (*looks at tooth*). No; it's a bad fracture; extraction is the only thing that will relieve you.

*Larry.* Extraction, is it? Shure you'd better pull it out, for it's distraction I'm sufferin' wid the jumpin' of the craythur.

*Joyful.* Very well; out it shall come. Will you inhale gas?

*Larry.* Inhale? fat's that?

*Joyful.* We give gas sometimes, to prevent the patient experiencing pain in the operation.

*Larry.* Gas—is that what you're giving me? Och, botlier! gas less, and pull more.

*Joyful.* It will be much easier for you, if you allow me to give you something soothing.

*Larry.* That's all right. Give me a little whiskey, thin.

*Joyful.* You don't understand. I'll show you. Bob, bring the gas.

*Bob.* Yas, sir; in de bag? Fotch it right away. (*Goes behind screen. JOYFUL gets forceps.*)

*Larry.* Och, murther! the craythur is just laping wid delight to come out av my mouth. Shure Pat Maloney shall pay the bill.

*(Enter BOB with bag. JOYFUL comes down.)*

*Bob.* There you is, Misser Joyful.

*Joyful (takes bag).* Now my man, put this to your mouth, and take a good pull.

*Larry (takes bag).* Whiskey in a bag! Here's illegance. *(Inhales.)* Shure that's no sperit; it's swatened wind! No matther; it's a moighty foine taste. *(Inhales.)*

*Joyful.* He takes to it readily — a fine subject. I think this will prove more successful than the last. *(LARRY breathes swiftly and loudly.)* Ah! it's taking effect. He will soon be unconscious. *(LARRY jumps to his feet, and throws down bag.)* Sit down, my dear fellow. *(Attempts to seat him. LARRY swings round his arm and upsets him on stage.)*

*Larry.* Whooh! Whooh! *(Steps down from chair, and strides up and down stage, swinging his arms.)*

*Bob.* By golly! he's got de jimjams! *(Runs behind screen right, and appears over top as before. JOYFUL creeps round and gets into chair as before.)*

*Larry.* Whooh! Whooh! I'm the boy from Tipperary! who'll thread on the tail av me coat? I'm jist spiling for a fight. Pat Maloney, you thaif av the wur-reld, will you thread on the tail av me coat? Whooh! whooh! I'm Larry Lannigan. Come on — come on! *(Fights the air with his fist.)* All at a time, or one together. There, take that, you thaif; and that, you spalpeen! *(Fights and kicks.)* I'm the game chicken of Tipperary. *(Throws down chair.)* Whooh! whooh!

*[Exit c.]*

*Bob.* Tipper who? Tipper who? Yas; tipper de chairs — wid yer foolin'.

*Joyful.* Another failure, Bob.

*Bob.* Yas; well, I guess de gas don't conflummate wid dat ar feller. (*Comes from behind screen, and picks up bag.*)

*Joyful.* Well, I shall have to give it up. But I did want to extract a molar.

*Bob.* Did ye? I fought ye wanted to pull a toof. (*Knock at door.*) An' dar's anudder, sure's you born. Guess we'll let him go.

*Joyful.* No; let him in; I'm determined to pull something. (*Bob goes to door; opens it. TIN WAH appears with bundle.*)

*Bob.* Why, no; yes it am; dat's Washee Washee. Tin Wah, whiar you been?

*Tin Wah* (*grinning*). Heap busy — washée Melican man — heap cheatee — all sáme — dirty — bah!

*Bob.* Golly! Tin Wah, hole your hush. De doc-taw am no dirty. Wh-wh-wh-what you mean? Gib me de bundle.

*Tin Wah.* No; brackee takee mussee muchee. (*Lays bundle on table.*)

*Bob.* Yas indeedy, brackee mashee your molasses-colored profile, Tin Wah. Away, Chinaman, dis am no place for de headen. (*Pushing him towards door.*)

*Joyful.* Hold on, Bob. I want to talk to him. (*Aside*) I wonder how the gas will affect him. (*Aloud*) Mr. Chinaman, do you like opium?

*Tin Wah.* Bely muchee; Chinaman smokee. Melican man smokee bacey; makee Melican man liappy; Chinaman sickie. Bah! no likee dat.

*Joyful.* Well, Tin Wah, I'll treat you. We've got the article you like, but not to smoke. I'll show you how the Melican man takes it.

*Tin Wah.* Melican man bely kind. Chinaman takee and thankee bely much heap.

*Joyful.* Well, take a seat. (*Leads him to chair.*) Bob, bring the bag.

*Bob.* What's dat you say?

*Joyful.* Bring the gas.

*Tin Wah (jumping up).* Gas! Not muchee; burn Chinaman. No like smellee.

*Joyful (pushing him back).* It's all right, Tin. This is another kind—another name for your favorite.

*Bob.* Golly! he jes set Tin Wah crazy wid his nonsense. No matter; I'll see dé fun.

[*Exit behind screen.*]

*Tin.* No cheatee?

*Joyful.* No; indeed. You'll like it. (*Bob returns.*)

*Bob.* Dar's a good dose.

*Joyful.* Well, you give it to him, Bob. (*Goes to L.*)

*Bob.* Speck I will. Here, Tin Wah, take hold, and hole yer nose; whole yer nose.

*Tin (takes bag).* Bely light; no muchee dare.

*Bob.* Put yer mouf to de nozzle dar. (*Takes hold of TIN WAH'S nose.*) Now, gib a whiff—gib a whiff. (*TIN inhales.*)

*Tin (pulling it away).* Bely good. Ki yi!

*Bob.* Whiff away—whiff away; you don't git de flavor yet. (*TIN inhales with much seeming gratification, throwing out his arms and kicking.*) Dar's it—dat's it; he's getting naturalized!

*Tin* (snatches away bag, holding it by nozzle). Ki yi! Yah, Melican man muchee fine — muchee jolly. Ki yi! (Strikes BOB on head with bag. BOB falls on stage; TIN WAH dances about, swinging bag.) Melican man fool! Blackee all the same so. Ki yi! (BOB attempts to get up, TIN strikes him on head; he falls again.)

*Bob.* Das a fac. Lef me up; lef me up.

*Tin* (dancing about stage). Tin Wah, drunkee — heap jolly. No, washee — washee! Hi yali! Bustee, Bobee, bustee brackee head! (Chases BOB about stage with bag, striking him.)

*Bob.* Quit, you fool! Quit, you fool!

*Tin.* Ki yi! Chin man Empeler now! No washee, no slave — Ki yi! ki yi! (Flings bag at BOB, and runs out c.)

*Joyful.* Well, that experiment broke down.

*Bob.* Yas; and de roof ob my head's broke down clear to smash. Misser Joyful, you may be a good phusican, but if you attempt any more dentistry, just luff me out ob de peppergram.

*Joyful.* Well, Bob, I'm sorry for you; but I meant well.

*Bob.* Yas indeed, it was too much mean, das a fac.

(Enter DR. DAM, c.)

*Dr.* Well, Joyful, here I am. (Goes behind screen, and changes coat for velvet jacket.)

*Joyful* (to BOB). Not a word about visitors, Bob.

*Bob.* No; dey didn't leave no word; dey left demselves. (Goes to case, takes a piece of wash-leather, and rubs instruments. DR. appears.)

*Dr.* "Nothing stirring, I suppose, since I've been gone?"

*Joyful.* No, nothing worth mentioning.

*Bob (aside).* Dat ar Chinaman stirred me; dat's wuff mention, I speck. (*Knock at door.*)

*Dr.* Ah! that must be my new patient.

*Joyful.* If it is, remember your promise, Rubber. I'll step aside. (*Goes behind screen, L.*)

*Bob (aside).* Yas; he wants to see de fun now.

*Dr.* Why don't you go to the door, Doctor?

*Bob.* Yas indeed, I's going. (*Opens door.*)

(*Enter KATE.*)

*Kate.* Is the doctor in?

*Dr. (aside).* My divinity, by all that's glorious! (*Aloud*) He is, Miss Cræsus. Take a seat.

*Kate.* You — Dr. Dam? Well, I am surprised, but very glad indeed, for I believe we have a slight acquaintance. (*Bob returns to his work.*)

*Bob (aside).* Pretty as a sunflower!

*Dr.* O, yes, we've often met. Your father called this morning: If you will take a seat, I will look at the tooth.

*Kate (sits in dentist's chair).* Don't hurt me, please.

*Dr.* No more than is necessary. (*Examines tooth.*)

*Bob (aside).* Dat's what I call hovering ober an abyss ob bliss. (*Sings:*)

"Monkey married de baboon's sister,

Smacked his lips, and den he kissed her."

*Dr.* Doctor!

*Bob.* Ax your pardon. I wa—wa—was dreaming.

*Dr.* That tooth must come out.

*Kate.* O dear! Can you take it out without pain-  
ing me?

*Dr.* Certainly, if you will consent to inhale the gas.

*Kate.* But I don't like to do that. Is there no other way?

*Dr.* Not without pain. You have nothing to fear. If you will step down, I will give you a proof. — Doctor, ask Miss Milly to step here a moment. (*KATE steps from chair, and sits by table.*)

*Bob.* Yes, sar; d'rectly, sar. [*Exit c.*]

*Dr.* A young friend of mine, the daughter of my landlady, often inhales it for amusement. She will no doubt consent to show you how harmless are its effects.

*Kate.* You must have a great deal of practice, doctor: such a pretty office!

*Dr.* Well, as to practice, I am a new-comer here, and not kept as busy as I would like to be. At present I live on hope.

*Kate.* Nourishing food to one who has an object for ambition to secure!

*Dr.* Well, I have an object, far above me, that I sigh to gain.

*Kate.* Be bold, and it is yours. To a young man who has talents, good principles, and courage, no prize the world can offer is above his reach.

*Dr.* Even if he be poor in purse —

*Kate.* Poverty is nothing: it may be yours to-day and mine to-morrow. For my part, had I suitors, I should regard the poorest with the most satisfaction, with an eye to what the future might have in store for him.

*Joyful* (who is behind screen, looking down upon them, *aside*). Good! That means me. She's mine! she's mine!

(*Enter BOB, c., followed by MILLY.*)

*Bob*. Here she am, doctor bill!

*Milly*. Do you want me, Dr. Dam?

*Dr.* If you can spare time, I should like you to show this young lady, — Miss Morey, Miss Cræsus! (*ladies acknowledge*), — who is a little timid, how harmless is the gas we give.

*Milly*. Certainly. You know I like it. (*Sits in chair. Dr. goes behind screen, l.*) There's not the least danger, Miss Cræsus. It makes me very, very happy, and without it I am miserable.

*Bob* (*aside*). Yās, she'd take forty-leben gallons afore breakfas', an', like de little children, cry for more.

(*Enter Dr., with bag.*)

*Dr.* Now, Milly. (*Giving bag.*)

*Milly*. I'm sure I shall talk nonsense; you know I always do. (*Inhales gas. Dr. holds bag.*)

*Dr.* No matter; you are doing a kindness, Milly.

*Milly* (*inhales, then drops bag, clasps her hands*). O, how happy — happy I am! O, now I see you — Orphëus — Beethoven — Joyful! Musical name! You smile upon me! You love me! Tell me again, and again, and again, you love me, as I have loved you — ever, and ever, and ever so long.

*Joyful* (*aside*). Hullo! I've made a conquest there!

*Milly*. We walk together — we clasp hands — your arm glides about my waist. Your lips — your lips —



your — lips — (*stops, sighs, and then looks round*). Well, that's over. Did I talk nonsense?

*Dr.* No, indeed. Had I been the object of your thoughts, I should have been glad I overheard such a confession. (*Aside*) I wonder how Joyful will take that. (*Goes behind screen with bag.* *MILLY* steps from chair.)

*Kate.* You mentioned in your dreams a name with which I am familiar — Mr. Joyful.

*Milly.* Do you know him? Isn't he splendid!

*Kate.* O, well — so-so. He's my music-master.

*Milly.* And mine (*sighs*). And I think he's just splendid! And so I spoke his name? Well, I couldn't say too much in his praise — no more than I would say to his face — if he ever gives me a chance. But that's not likely (*sighs*). Good morning, Miss Cræsus.

[*Exit c.*

*Kate.* Good morning. — Splendid, indeed! He's not to be compared to this neighbor of hers. (*Enter Dr. from screen, with bag.*) — O dear! it's my turn now.

*Dr.* Now, Miss Cræsus, if you will take the chair once more, we will release the offending member from his allegiance. (*KATE sits in chair.*) You see, it is harmless. (*Takes forceps from drawer, and comes down to chair.*)

*Kate.* Which? (*Pointing to forceps.*)

*Dr.* Both — one with the help of the other. Now, if you please, (*Gives bag. She inhales.*)

*Bob.* Golly! dat's fus-rate: De next thing she knows she won't know nuffin.

*Joyful (sticking his head over screen).* Now is the auspicious moment of my life. I tremble while I hope. (*Dr. takes away bag.*)

*Kate.* Hush — hush! How quiet — what beautiful trees — how bright the sun shines here! Ah, there he is — the stranger — I love to meet. He lifts his hat — what a pleasant smile — a noble face. Why do you pass on? — Because I am rich? — Never fear. — Hearts are not weighed like money-bags. Do not fear me. I long to know you — for I love you — yes, love you. (*Seizes the doctor's hand.*) Why don't you speak to me?

*Joyful (aside).* Confound it! she's got the wrong man. (*Aloud*) Rubber! Rubber!

*Bob.* Luf her be. She don't need no rubbin': she ain't rheumatic.

*Dr.* I do not dare. I am a poor man. (*Enter CRÆSUS, c.*) Your father would not listen to me were I to ask an introduction.

*Kate.* Do not fear — I love you — I love you!

*Dr. (aside).* I did not dream of this. (*Aloud*). Forget me. Your father has trusted me, and I will not betray his confidence.

*Kate.* Fathers have flinty hearts — hearts — hearts. (*Sits still a moment, then rubs her eyes.*) Well, is it out?

*Dr.* Pardon me. I was so interested in your speech I forgot my business. I will procure more gas.

*Cræsus (coming down).* No you won't, sir. There's been too much gas wasted here already. How dare you, sir — how dare you put my daughter in such a

degrading position? How dare you tell her you love her?

*Kate.* Indeed! What have I done?

*Joyful (aside).* Upset my apple-cart. No matter, I know where I'm wanted. (*Gets down, and goes out c.*)

*Dr.* Your pardon, Mr. Cræsus. What your daughter has said, under the influence of my special agent, would never have been known. You alone are to blame for divulging the secrets of my dental apartment.

*Cræsus.* And do you mean to say that you would not take advantage of her confession to try to win her?

*Dr.* As I am a gentleman, no, sir. When your daughter leaves this place, we are strangers as before.

*Cræsus.* No, sir; you are no longer strangers. — Kate, this gentleman — Dr. Dam — I present to you as a suitor for your hand. He has my full permission to win you if he can; and if he's the dentist he's cracked up to be, there'll be a Rubber Dam over your mouth before you're a day older. Now don't talk. Have that tooth out at once.

*Kate.* Not to-day; father. I'll come another day.

*Cræsus.* I'll be bound you will.

(*Enter JOYFUL with MILLY on his arm.*)

*Joyful.* Give me joy, Rubber. I've found the future partner of my joys.

*Dr.* How's this, Joyful? I thought —

*Joyful.* No matter what you thought, Rubber. It's all right. I'm satisfied, and you ought to be.

*Cræsus.* Why, that's Joyful, your music-master, Kate.

*Bob.* Dat's him — O, Be Joyful; plays on t' de fiddle —

*Dr.* Doctor!

*Bob.* Dat's me — Doctor Ridley. (*Sings*) "O, old Ridley, O!" Must sing on dis joyful occasion!

*Larry.* } outside { Be jabers, where is he?  
*Tin.* } together. { Melican doctor! Hi-yah!  
*Socks.* } { Set him before my face.

(*All enter together.*)

*Dr.* Hullo! What's the matter?

*Larry.* Me tooth, be jabers!

*Tin.* Melican man heap cheatee. (*All start towards*

*Socks.* "I am undone, undone!" (*JOYFUL.*)

*Bob.* Be gorry, dar's gwine to be trouble!

*Dr.* (*stepping before JOYFUL.*) Stop this, and explain.

*Joyful.* Perhaps I'd better, Rubber. These are patients of yours, whom in your absence I attempted to operate upon. — Gentlemen, it's all a mistake. The real doctor has arrived, and will attend to your aches.

*Socks.* Dastard, you sent me flying through the streets like a madman. Me, the star of the amateur firmament, went shooting down stairs.

*Bob.* Ob course, ob course. You was a shooting-star, dat's all.

*Larry.* And me, be jabers, onto the fisht of a butcher, who broke me other jaw wid his fisht. Begorra, I'll have satisfaction, so I will.

*Bob.* Dat's so. Somebody tread on de tail ob his coat.

*Tin.* Bah! Chinaman smashee windee; fall in the mud; muddy all ober he. Bah!

*Bob.* By golly! den Tin Wah was nowhar.

*Dr.* You shall all have satisfaction — at another time. So, Joyful, you thought dentistry was easy work?

*Joyful.* And found myself mistaken. But I've learned one thing — that both in dentistry and wooing there's a deal of gas used.

*Dr.* Have you? Well, there's one thing more you can learn.

*Joyful.* What is that?

*Dr.* Never to meddle with edged tools. And still another —

*Joyful.* Well, let's have it all.

*Dr.* Never seek assistance in a love affair; but take my motto — Paddle your own canoe.

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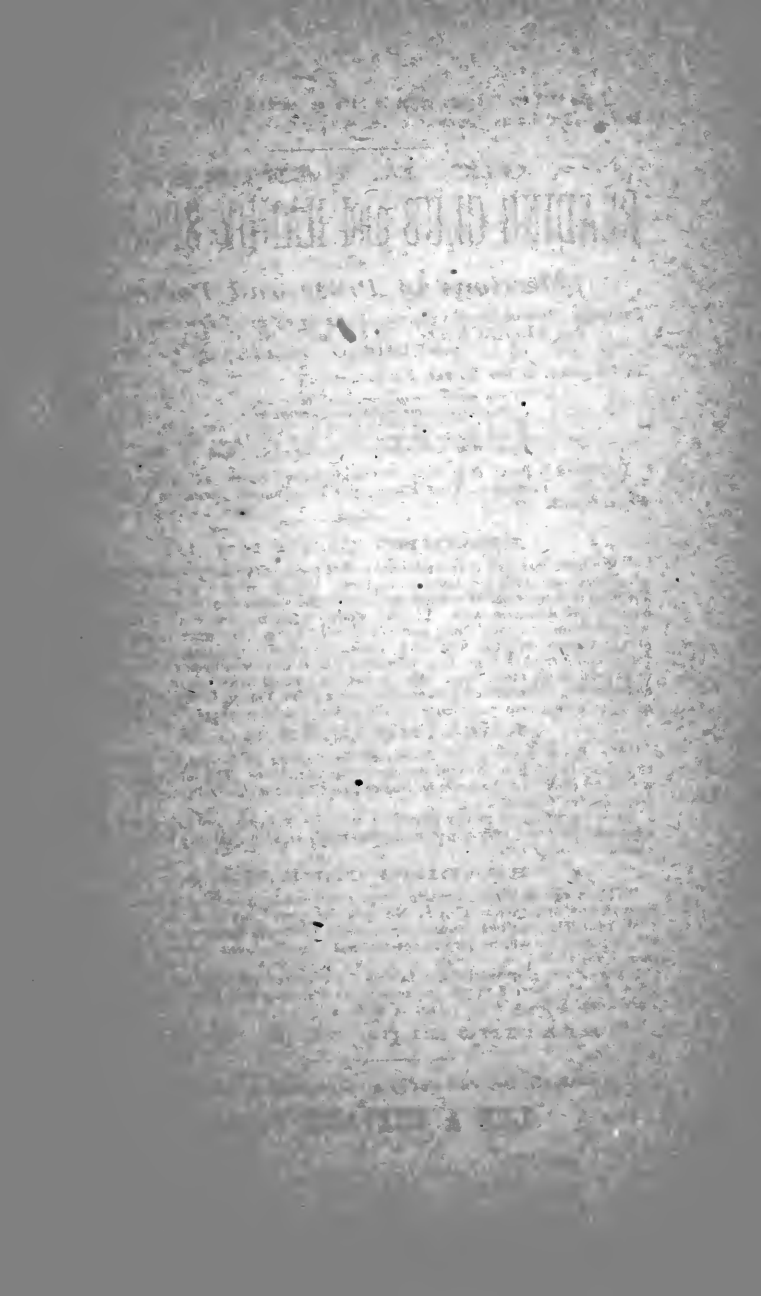
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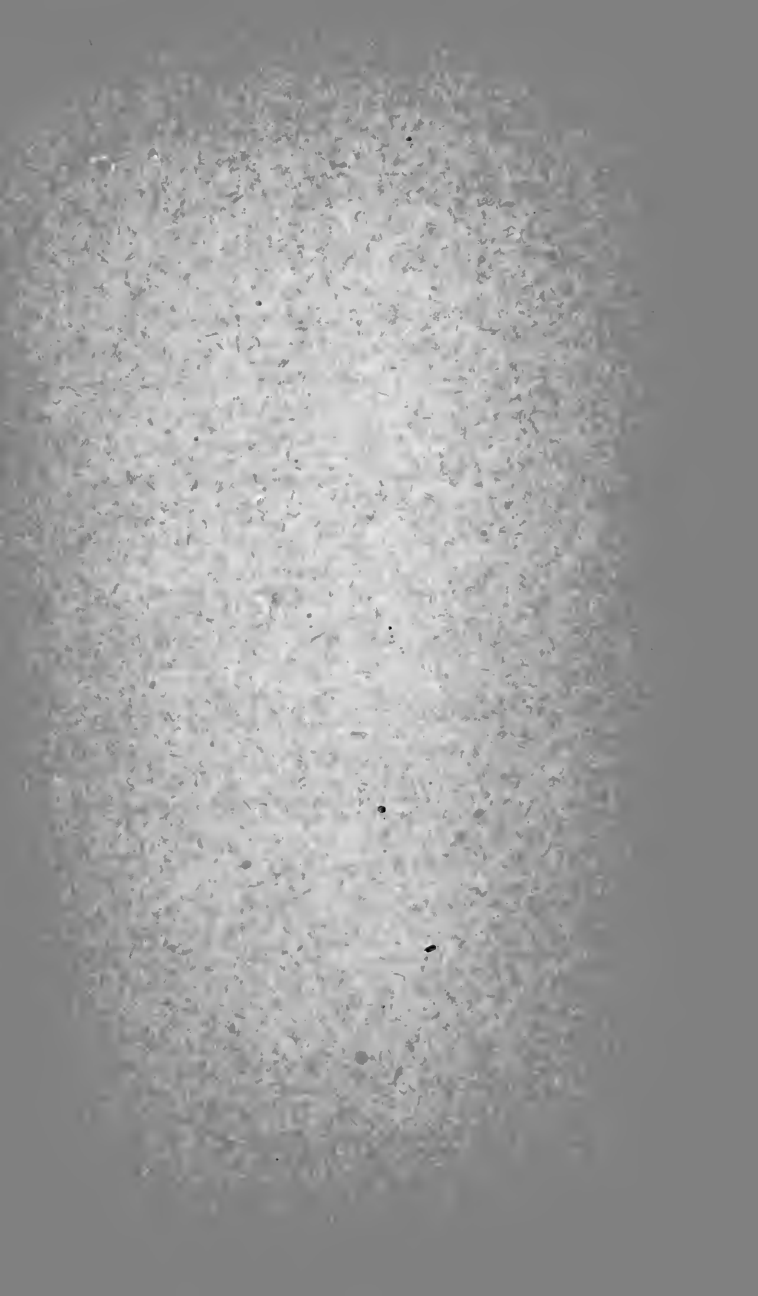
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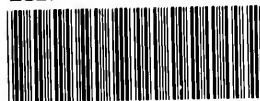
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